UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese } *Associate Editors*

Revolution and the Jew
By Robert Whitaker

Drought and Famine (*An Editorial*)
- - - - - - - - - *Joseph Ernest McAfee*

The Old Earth and the New Deal
- - - - - - - - - - - - - *John Malick*

Feminist Attack - - - *Lola Maverick Lloyd*

Has the Theatre a Message?
- - - - - - - - - - *Maurice Schwartz*

Greatness of a Little Man - - *Dorothy Hogg*

Looking Forward and Looking Backward
(*Reviews*) - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

VOLUME CXIV NUMBER 4

Chicago, October 15, 1934

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Bi-Weekly *Subscription $3.00*

Until Further Notice *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter November 15, 1933, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 63
Drought and Famine—JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE 65
Jottings—J. H. H. 66

ARTICLES—
Revolution and the Jew—ROBERT WHITAKER 67
The Old Earth and the New Deal—JOHN MALICK 69
Feminist Attack—LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD 71
Has the Theatre a Message?—MAURICE SCHWARTZ 72
Greatness of a Little Man—DOROTHY HOGG 75

POETRY—
Prayer in an Evil Time—*Robert Nathan* 63
Russia—WILLIAM ALLEN WARD 66
Spirit of America—GEORGIANA BOLE KING 70
I Meet Him—GERTUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT 79
Trumpets on New Horizons:
Outdone—STANTON A. COBLENTZ 76
Philanthropists—JACK GREENBERG 76
Up Braver Trails—LUCIA TRENT 76

THE STUDY TABLE—
Looking Forward and Looking Backward—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 77

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Armament Investigation—LYDIA G. WENTWORTH 79

THE FIELD—
Soldiers of the World, Strike—*Abdul Baha* 62
Our Heritage as to Rights of Conscience—WILLIAM C. ALLEN 80
Notice re Dr. Julius Hecker 80

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Soldiers of the World, Strike!

By Abdul Baha

Abdul Baha was one who did not flinch before the acid test which today challenges the adherents of Peace. Before the term, War Resistance, was current as it is now he, in far-off Palestine, lifted his voice and called on the soldiers of the world to go on a general strike and boycott militarism with all that pertains to it. This most revolutionary address, delivered on March 13, 1915, and taken down by Mirza Ahmad Sohrab, never reached the world because of the strict censorship prevailing during those years of stress, and the message of Abdul Baha has, for over nineteen years, lain in a pile of documents—undelivered.

Today in a period of tension in Europe, very similar to that which preceded the World War, the New History Society offers to the public for the first time the words of Abdul Baha on War Resistance.

" 'Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to the man by whom the offense cometh.' The present emperors, kings and rulers are directly responsible for the unprecedented calamities of this universal war, and they carry on their backs a heavy burden of crime. The blood of millions is crying for revenge, and the lamentations of the women are rising from the hearths that are turned to ashes. It is now high time that the soldiers bethink themselves, and voice the clarion of protest against their iron-hearted masters. They must go on a general strike and boycott militarism with all that pertains to it. Undismayed by lockouts on the part of their employers to force them into compliance, they must declare their position in most emphatic terms, and embody their demands in a bill of rights. Addressing their cruel superiors they must say, 'Why should we march to the battlefield? Why should we carry arms? Why are you teaching our children the art of human butchery? Why are you painting the sanguinary arena of violence in such glowing colors? What is the meaning of all this turmoil in the name of patriotism?

" 'Why should we fire at men that

(Continued on Page 79)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1934 Number 4

PRAYER IN AN EVIL TIME

God of pity and love, return to this earth.
Go not so far away, leaving us to evil.
Darkness is loose upon the world; the devil
Walks in the land, and there is nothing worth.
Death like a dog runs howling from his lair,
His bite has made men mad, they follow after
All howling too, and their demoniac laughter
Drowns like a sea our solitary prayer.

Return, O Lord, return. Come with the day,
Come with the light, that men may see once more
Across this earth's uncomfortable floor
The kindly paths, the old and loving way.
Let us not die of evil in the night.
Let there be God again. Let there be light.

—Robert Nathan, Harper's Magazine.

There are few more sobering facts today than the failure of recovery to lift the burden of unemployment and general poverty. If the small but sure measure of recovery enjoyed in this country since the summer of 1933 has in late months been faltering badly, is it not because the burden of relief has become too heavy for either government or business to carry? What we have here, it should be noted, is a phenomenon characteristic of every country today. A recent report of the Foreign Policy Association calls it "the paradox of recovery." The "ebb-tide of the depression," says the writer of this report, "for the world as a whole . . occurred in the early summer of 1932." Since then, "and into the early months of 1934," there has seemed to come everywhere an "upturn." But "the vast majority of the world's population" didn't feel it in any way! Thus, in Australia, where "a budget surplus is in prospect," the number of unemployed "remains appallingly high." In Great Britain, where business has greatly improved, "employment has not kept pace with production," and there is "a further increase in the number of persons in receipt of poor relief." In America, in spite of hundreds of millions of dollars poured out by government, the situation as regards the masses of the workers gets no better. The tide of relief is steadily mounting, and the volume of unemployment, cut down for a time, is now increasing again. All this raises the question as to what "recovery" means. What good does it do for a nation to "recover" if the people remain as miserable as ever? Is this society of ours working still to the profit only of bankers, brokers, industrialists, investors, speculators, who absorb instantly all the gains of our struggling economy? It looks as though this were something like the situation—a vast productive machinery, equipped with technological labor-saving devices of ever mounting efficiency, all in the hands of a small class of money-owners. So long as this condition prevails, new deal or old, we are never going to get anywhere.

Nearer and nearer draws the Day of Judgment! Vast expenditures of government are going on, like the rushing of blood from an open wound. These moneys were poured out in the beginning, it will be remembered, because it was confidently expected that business would be so far restored by the spring of 1934 that industry could take over the burden, and Washington balance its budget and begin to pay its debts. But this has not happened! In spite of a certain measure of recovery, as noted in the preceding editorial, the volume of relief has become so enormous that the federal expenditure just to keep people alive is mounting to mammoth proportions. The larger this volume, the sooner the accounting! What we mean by this is that every dollar now being expended has got to be received from some source; and, little as we like to think of it, that source is the single source of *taxation.* Before long, now, the taxing must begin—Senator Harrison thinks it need not begin this next year (1935), but can be postponed awhile! But this means nothing—a postponement is only a *postponement.* Some day, and some not distant day, the crisis will arrive, and taxation will be before us. What this means is being shown in New York, where the crisis has already come. In this city 300,000 families are on the relief roles—one-fifth of the total population. The municipality pays one-quarter of the millions poured out each week (the state another one-quarter and Washington one-half). Some weeks ago, the Mayor found himself without any money. What to do? Nothing but levy immediate emergency taxes! But nobody wanted to pay; the Mayor's bill was thrown out by the Aldermen; relief stopped; and the taxes had to be decided upon and imposed *instanter.* This is what is coming in due time to Washington. New York doesn't see how it can get the new money even from new taxes. Washington will have the same experience. Dear friends and fellow-citizens, can we long avoid the supreme act of a Capital Levy?

There is something of high tragedy—Greek tragedy—in the passing of General Hugh Johnson from the national stage. The fault, or the failure—whichever it is!—is not his. In the launching of a great

program of recovery and reform which required statesmanship of the very highest order, the President called to the task a man of enormous energy and dominant power, who had no statesmanlike qualities at all. All that General Johnson could do he did, with a devotion, a self-sacrifice, an ardor which well-nigh cost him his sanity and might have cost him his life. The spectacle of his labors through the blasting heat of the summer of 1933, and on through the terrific winter following, suggests inevitably a modern chapter of the eternal epic of Hercules. Whatever becomes of the NRA, this story must ever remain memorable in the history of the nation. But none the less the General was doomed from the start. He could not visualize his task in other than military terms. He gave himself to the job of putting over the codes in exactly the way he gave himself to the job of putting over conscription in the days of the War. Capital and labor were to be mobilized, disciplined, regimented, commanded, just like an army. Hence the edicts and orders, the oaths and threats, the weird, wild talk about "cracking down," by which he meant court-martialing. Not thus is a sick economy to be resored to health, or a democratic citizenry to be reorganized into a vast system of government in industry! So the General rode to defeat, and, after the old-fashioned military tradition, lost his command when he lost his campaign. The result is as tragic for the President as for General Johnson. What will become of the routed forces of the NRA, no one can say. But it is obvious that they must be reorganized from top to bottom—and it is not improbable that they may be retired altogether.

We think we have discovered what is the trouble down in Washington. All this confusion, disorganization, working at cross-purposes, from what does it spring if not from too much "rugged individualism"? The leaders are nearly all of them individualists of this type in the nation's capital. Each one insists upon playing his own game, with initiative, independence, daring enough to suit a dozen Hoovers and a hundred Ogden Mills. Richberg, for example, is not the first man who has been charged by the President with the life-and-death task of bringing order out of the chaos of the NRA. He had his predecessor months ago, as Arthur Krock, accomplished correspondent of the New York *Times*, has pointed out; and his predecessor, exactly like Richberg today, had associates drawn from high cabinet positions. But each Secretary insisted upon going and having his own way, at least in his own department, and nothing came of a most laudable and necessary undertaking. Of course, General Johnson was the prince of the individualists—"rugged" to the core!—and his going is from this point of view an enormous gain. But there has got to be a lot more cooperation and coordination than the administration has ever seen, if the New Deal is ever to go over. Planning, in other words, must begin in Washington before it can be extended to the nation, and must work in politics before it can be applied to industry. Russia is here the example! If there is any one thing more than another which catches one's breath in Moscow, it is the Soviet organization of government. And if there is any one thing more than another that seems to guarantee success of five and ten year plans, it is the success of what has already been achieved at the heart of Bolshevik affairs. But of course this is a dictatorship! Stalin is a man of steel, and Roosevelt is a man of charm. Which raises the question as to how much systematic and permanent social planning can be done in a democracy! Perhaps the answer to this question is at one and the same time the answer to the deeper question as to whether democracy is destined to survive.

We cannot pretend to be a politician—we would not for a moment aspire to such lofty intellectual and moral eminence. But just as a plain, every-day observer, who tries to apply a scant education and a bit of common-sense to the affairs of life, we must confess that it seems to us that the Republicans are making a terrible botch of this campaign. They are laying supreme emphasis upon the issue of the Constitution—the people should rise up, they say, and smite an administration which is making the Constitution "a scrap of paper," and therewith outraging the safeguards established by the fathers for the protection of popular liberties! That this issue, in itself, is a perfectly good issue, we cannot and would not deny. We think it important to know today, as we thought it important to know in the days of Woodrow Wilson, whether the government is making mince meat of the Constitution or not. We await the verdict of the Supreme Court on this issue with enormous interest. But we are talking of the campaign, which is essentially an appeal to the people for support; and it is from this standpoint that we deem this constitutional issue no good at all. For what do the voters know about the Constitution—or, for that matter, what do they care? We have for years worked with the American Civil Liberties Union in defense of the Bill of Rights, but never saw that this work ever aroused any particular interest or gathered any particular support. The Constitution? The people will barter it any time to serve their personal ends, and in times like these, for a little food for hungry bellies. No, the Republicans are only whipping so much straw, so far as the voters are concerned. If the Party wants to accomplish something, let them challenge the New Deal as a restorer of prosperity. Is it ending unemployment? Is it guaranteeing security in terms of work? Is it increasing the income of the average man? Where is it getting the money it is spending? Who is going to pay the bill in the end? These are question, dear Republican friends,

that it may be worth while for you to ask. Personally we have no interest in the Republican Party, but as a lover of sport we hate to see a good chance thrown away.

There is nothing new under the sun. Yea, verily! As recent reports have come drifting across the waters from Italy, we have been reminded of pages we read long ago in Plutarch. So we have taken down the old volumes from our shelves, and have been refreshing our mind on what the great classic biographer and historian related to posterity about Sparta. Here in every detail is the anticipation of all that Mussolini is doing in his unhappy country. These recent boasts about Italy being a "military, militaristic, war-like nation"—that's exactly the way the kings and statesmen of the old Greek city used to talk! This recent decree that military training in Italy shall begin with all boys when they reach their eighth year—that's precisely what the Spartans used to do with their youngsters! And this dedication, or rather dooming, of all Italian women to the business of breeding children for the state—that was the fate of the Spartan women to a decree of servitude to men, and to the state, which seemed incredible until Il Duce came along and made Sparta live again. That Mussolini knows all this, of course, we do not believe. This Italian dictator is as ignorant as he is boastful; he thinks, poor fool, that he is reviving the great days of Rome! But if somebody would only slip him a copy of Plutarch, with the pages on Lycurgus, for example, duly marked, Mussolini would perhaps be astonished to discover that he is doing nothing new. On the contrary, he is only leading his country along that arid brutal path which led Sparta, and all the Greek world, to destruction, and left that city's name as the symbol of the most sterile and therefore fruitless civilization known to ancient history! Sparta and Athens remind one today of Italy and Germany. (The parallel of Athens and Germany is close enough, when we think of the golden culture of Pericles passing into the hand of Alcibiades and of Cleon, an earlier Hitler!) Is the impending duel between the latter countries destined to wreck Europe, as the duel between the former countries wrecked "the glory that was Greece"?

The installation of Dr. Mueller as Reichsbishop in Berlin has revealed at last with perfect clearness the purpose behind the curious religious doings in Germany under the Hitler regime. It should have been clear to us before, perhaps, as it certainly has been clear all along to the heroic pastors and priests in rebellion. What we see is one more evidence of a return of Germany under Hitler's guidance to the darkness of medievalism. In those ancient days, a thousand years ago, the religion of a people was determined by the religion of their king, or prince. If the ruling potentate was a Catholic, his subjects must be Catholic. If the ruler, like Henry VIII, for reasons good and sufficient to himself disavowed Rome, then all the people must go along and do the same. Religion, in other words, was a nationalistic affair, determined by the superstitions or pieties of the king who in his own royal person was the nation. *"L'etat, c'est moi,"* said Louis XIV—and he might have added as well *"l'eglise"!* Now it is to this mode of faith that *"Der Fuehrer"* would return—and Bishop Mueller is the agent ready to his hand. Catholics and Protestants must merge their interests, not in a true Christianity expressive of that larger spiritual brotherhood which is in Christ, but in a nationalistic church fashioned in faith and discipline by dictatorial authority as a Nazi cult. Pastors and priests, and laymen, not conforming to the new rule, will be appropriately punished, not exactly as "Bloody" Mary burned Protestants, perhaps, or her ardent father Catholics, but in ways which, like Mercutio's wound, "will serve." That there will be revolt against this tyranny, and martyrdom as well, we must believe, for the German soul has already given testimony that it remembers Luther. And we believe as well that, in common suffering together for the soul's true freedom, German Catholics and Protestants may find an inner and spiritual unity which will not only resist and in the end defeat Hitler, but also will go far toward healing the schism of these many centuries. Once again it may be proved that "God maketh the wrath of men to praise him."

Drought and Famine

Yes, drought; but not famine! Not today. Not under conditions of modern life.

These two, drought and famine, have been inseparable throughout human history, up to recent times. A short crop meant suffering and often a decimated population. The total loss of a crop was a disaster of the first order. The loss of two or three crops in succession spelled annihilation.

For this reason organized human society hugged the tropics for millenniums. The irrigable desert was the cradle of civilization. So far as archaeology has yet discovered, a high order of society developed a sustained life most notably in the Nile Valley of Egypt. This was manifestly because there, as at no other spot in the world, nature unfailingly provided the means of subsistence.

The annual inundations of the Nile were as regular and free from caprice as any exhibition which undirected nature supplies anywhere on the earth. The ancient Egyptian was sure of his food supply. Though there was little rain, there were no droughts, and his developing civilization was not therefore wrecked by conditions over which he could exercise no control.

Elsewhere in the tropics, where the rainfall

was so abundant and unfailing as to guarantee a degree of security in the matter of food, archaeology is also bringing to light monuments of highly developed civilizations. As notably, in Yucatan and other portions of our American jungle tropics, and also in forgotten regions of tropical Asia.

But are any such monuments coming to light in the temperate zones, where the food supply is dependent upon rains, and where nature is not unfailing in the supply of this moisture? The few monuments found in these zones indicate only crude society. Indeed, it was only yesterday, as the cycles of human history are reckoned, that the temperate or colder zones were esteemed suitable for the habitation of any but roaming or small groups of savages and barbarians, who lived more by the chase than by agriculture.

But all that is ancient history. Today's highest civilization flourishes in the temperate zones. The limitations of these regions have been so far overcome that their advantages outweigh those of the tropics, especially when the inervations of excessive heat and the perils of disease are thrown into the balance against the tropics.

And what is this feature of modern civilization which has made habitable and advantageous the regions susceptible to occasional devastating droughts? Why, it is transportation, of course, and the warehouse. When food can be readily conveyed from favored to stricken regions, and when the surplus of one crop can be stored up for seasons of short crops or of total loss, drought has lost its terrors and becomes merely one of the misfortunes which humanity has learned to accept as a part of the day's experience.

Though this country has suffered from the most widespread and devastating drought since its habitation by Europeans, one hears no responsible commentator mentioning famine as a possibility. Our transportation and storage systems meet the situation. The misfortune is tragic. The loss of wealth is enormous. The suffering of man and beast from heat and lack of moisture is extreme, and is not yet over by any means. But nobody expects any of the population to perish from starvation.

That, sadly enough, hundreds of thousands of human beings are doing at this moment in portions of China. Scarcely a season passes when China is not thus afflicted. Only her teeming millions and the fecundity of the race enable her population to survive this repeated decimation by the million.

During one season when Mr. Hoover was President, at least a score of millions of the Chinese were known to be perishing from famine. The American people had large surpluses of food and almost immeasurable good will; they would gladly have succored the Chinese destitute. Yet, though Mr. Hoover is the world's foremost administrator of relief to the needy, he could only throw up his hands in impotence; the food could not be gotten to the perishing. China's defective transportation system made it impossible.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

A German refugee writes us from London:

You are perfectly right about the vast discontent that is brooding below an apparently quiet surface in Germany. Fear, mistrust, hypocrisy everywhere!

The NRA was given us to solve the problem of the depression. Now we have the problem of the NRA—and the problem of the depression, too! Well, that is an old method of treatment. Many a doctor has distracted a patient's attention from one ache by giving him another ache to think of.

So the Munitions Investigation Committee has found a missionary, in Ecuador, who served also as an arms salesman! Well, we have heard before of these emissaries of God who carried a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. What more natural than to make profits out of the sword as well as of the Bible?

The administration's action in calling in all the gold in the country may have been wholly unwise and outrageously wrong—we do not pretend to know! But it did one good thing, at any rate. It solved the mystery of the Lindbergh kidnapping.

The deluge of political talk over the radio this fall seems to us unprecedented. The administration is turning loose all the "legions of the air," and the opposition is doing its best to reply. Fortunately, there is no NRA code (yet!) to force us to listen in!

Mr. Farley is supposed to be the Postmaster General of the United States. As this campaign goes on, it is becoming pretty evident that he is the Paymaster General of the administration.

J. H. H.

Russia

Awakened giant of the steppe
and the white silence of the northland. . . .
Big shouldered, you stand unafraid. . . .

Your dynamos sing paeons to industry
Let others curse. . . . you cast aside the yoke
of czarism. . . . of capitalism. . . .

Let them rave. . . .
Those who hate you. . . . they are many. . . .

But, sons of the Volga. . . . of the snow-covered
steppes. . . . of the grain fields. . . . of the factory. . . .
you are brave. . . . courageous. . . . you have taken the
whiplash on your naked backs. . . . many whiplashes. . . .
you know how to suffer. . . .

also you know how to be happy. . . .
teach us. . . . O Russia, happiness!

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD.

Revolution and the Jew

That which has been most remarked about the Jew, at least until these recent days of "red hysteria," is the "miracle" of his survival down the centuries, while his contemporaries of the homeland and the heroic ages of Hebrew story have long since ceased to be.

The present perverted emphasis upon the Jew as the evil spirit of revolutionism the world over calls attention to a fact not less extraordinary than is Jewish survival and distribution over all the earth, which is the contradictory social status and reaction which modern Jewry exhibits. For the Jew is at once the outstanding figure in the conservative commercial world, and is undeniably at the front in the revolutionary area. He is both the Pharaoh and the Moses of our time.

The Jew as first in the financial field we can understand. It is so that expectation would place him from the presentation which he has in the story of the patriarchs, Jacob and Joseph, the one bargaining shrewdly even with his God, the other as prime minister of Egypt out-Pharaohing Pharaoh in the acuteness of his national economic program. It is so that the parable of The Unjust Steward in the story of Jesus exhibits again as characteristic of the Jew an economic adroitness which can turn the very discovery of his financial trickery and unfaithfulness into a program of bargaining evasion and advantage for himself. That through the Christian centuries the Jew has been subjected to forced social pressure and persecution which has left him no outlet for his genius except in the status of the huckster on the one hand, and the incipient capitalist on the other hand, tends to a like expectation as to the outcome in our time. Whatever of injustice there may be in the prevailing picture of the Jew as the Shylock of the ages, Shakespeare is not wholly responsible for this view of him, nor is the ground work for it wholly lacking in the Hebrew story of his ancestral heroes. Religious traditionalism, literary reputation, and economic interpretation all are interwoven in the fabric of that impressionism which holds the Jew as naturally first in the financial world.

But the Jew as the master-mind of world revolution is another story. There is a seeming inconsistency here between this view of him, and the conventional picture of Jewish covetousness and commercial primacy, which challenges this traditional emphasis and does not so easily adjust itself to our ordinary treatment of Jewish history, especially in its Bible areas. Yet the Bible explanation of it is obvious enough, and is, indeed, so fundamental to the understanding of Israel's character as "a peculiar people," that our failure to find the explanation, and to give it due weight in the interpretation of present world thought, is suggestive in a high degree.

Bible scholarship has been so concerned with the incomparable drama of Jewish thought-development that the ideological emphasis which is natural to the cultural world has obscured for us the factual primacy in the story of the Jew, and the like factual emphasis in the evolution of events today. This factual primacy is at the very heart of the conflict between all our contemporary programs of social reform and the outright revolutionism which clamors for recognition as the only effective method by which the transition from present world-wide social tragedy to a sane and stable economic order is to be had. And Israel's primary experience as Israel, that which must be allowed as the only key we have to the peculiar persistence of Israel through the vicissitudes of Bible story and the more devastating experiences of the Christian era, must be apprehended for the revolutionary, violently revolutionary experience that it was, if we are to properly place the revolutionary challenge of the radical Jew today.

Moses, the founder, law-giver, master-mind of original Jewish coherence as a distinctive people, was a revolutionist. Two things have operated to cover up in a measure this consciousness of Moses' primal revolutionary character and functioning in Hebrew story. The first, perhaps the most prominent in effecting this obscuration, is the large legendary emphasis upon the miraculous element in the successful revolt which Moses led against the oppression of Egypt. The second factor, is the emphasis which Bible narrative and later interpretation has laid upon the moral code associated with the name of Moses, and with the nucleus of the Ten Commandments so dramatically enveloped in the miraculous phenomena centered at Mount Sinai.

But the story of Moses, at the point where he first contacts relation with Israel as the deliverer and moulder of that people, begins with a quite unabashed recital of his immediate, personal violence on behalf of his kindred in bondage. Nor can this incipient resort to force in which he slew the Egyptian task-master be set aside as inconsequential or futile because it failed of effectiveness on a social scale, and led to the quick exile of the impatient labor agitator. The later story, when Moses returns under a divine commission, predicates violence on a much larger and more devastating scale, and this on the part of Divinity itself.

Much that we have accounted supernatural in the story of the exodus of Israel out of Egypt is quite obviously the afterthought of pious traditionalism. But the legends of the plagues which were inflicted upon Pharaoh and his fellow-oppressors of Israel; of the escape through the marvelously divided waters of the sea which obstructed the course of the oppressed and which returning engulfed Pharaoh's host; and of the circumstances which attended that conquest of the "Promised Land" when Moses himself was no more, involve experiences of resort to violence on behalf of this first great labor-walkout which are not less in evidence because of their entanglement with the naivete of that oral and written tradition which has conveyed to us the story. God himself is presented as unable to prevail against the vested interest of Egypt in the labor subjection of Israel without resort to merciless miracles of calamity, to the extreme of slaying all the first born in Egypt and of wholesale destruction of that counter-revolutionary movement which manifested in the pursuit of Israel by the military forces of government.

The later phases of Israel's actual entry into the Promised Land, and the conquest thereof, are yet more violent, if possible, in the drastic justification of the wiping out of whole peoples, even to their children and cattle.

Now it is quite irrelevant to the significance of this story in relation to world revolution as we confront it now, or as we have it in the analysis and program of its foremost protagonist, Karl Marx, of Jewish origin and character, to question in an ethical way the Old Testament story, or to insist upon its displacement by the Christian ideology of the New. The point of importance here is that the Jew is a Jew, and has remained a Jew through all the disintegrating centuries which have dissolved the nationalisms with which his early years were contemporary, by reason of the fact that his peculiar coherence as a people was born of revolutionary travail unlike that experienced by any other people of whom we have knowledge, and that this revolutionary travail witnesses to an association of irrevocably resistant stubbornness on the side of vested interest on the one hand, and a compulsion to the exercise of overwhelming force on the other hand, to accomplish the revolutionary end. This is the essence of a realistic understanding of that exceptional original experience which comes nearer than anything else we know to accounting for the exceptional survival of the Jew. His very being is involved in an interpretation of revolutionary factualism which roots earlier and deeper than the ideologies, either Christian or academic, which controvert the appeal to like revolutionary compulsions today.

Much more than this may be said as to the original contents of Jewish story, and the distinctive character of Jewish experience. The Hebrew scriptures are, beyond all our ordinary acceptance of them, secular and materialistic rather than "religious" and "spiritual." There are individual figures in them of course, but always in subordination to social emphasis. "The supreme value of personality," of which we make so much as the distinctive revelation of Jews, an insistence upon our part which is of our own thinking much more than it is of New Testament testimony, is little if at all in evidence in the body of the Old Testament narrative. If it be claimed for the later prophets the fact must yet be faced that at the highest point of Hebrew prophecy, the apotheosis of the Suffering Servant of the Second Isaiah, it is Israel as a people, and not the individualistic application of this prophecy which afterwards prevailed, the prophet has in mind. The individualism and the ideology came later, consequent upon a primary social experience of perpetual significance as to the lines of collective operation in all ages.

There is space here and now for only the briefest intimation of what this interpretation of the Jew as revolutionist implies for us. Judaism, in the centuries since Israel ceased as a separate people of national entity, has also evolved individual and ideological emphasis. What is of more consequence, perhaps, Judaism, within the period in which we are, of capitalist finance, has achieved class-functioning in the areas of property and vested interest. Her people are a divided people, despite all their racial and traditional unity, divided as was Egypt and Goshen of old. There is a "hardening of heart" in her high places as real as ever Pharaoh and his advisers experienced, however more materially we explain the process. And over against this impregnable "hardening of heart" throughout the whole range of economic rulership today, whether Jew or Christian, there is a realism of resistance, less dependent upon supernatural alliance than the legends of Israel present the revolutionism of early Hebrew revolt, but no whit less inevitable than was the action then attributed to Deity. The social story follows the same lines which the social story followed then. Nor have two thousand years of ideology and individualism indicated any other effective program of social relief.

Yet as the ideology and individualism followed then with unquestionable gains to humanity not to be deprecated or discarded, so may revolutionism dominated by factual emphasis, prepare the way again for the enlargement and fulfilment of individual and ideal concepts and realizations which have been foiled thus far because the social revolutionary process was not complete. If then "the law was our school master to bring us to Christ" may it not be that even revolutionary law, at its direst, may be the minister of a vastly more effective evangelism for the achievement of all cultural ends than could possibly co-exist with an economic bondage such as the whole period and area of civilization has known? There are "miracles" also in our time, if our writing of current happenings were limited as was the understanding of those who wrote the scriptures of old. Even as it is who shall boast that our present understanding of natural forces lifts us apart from a mystical wonder at what has happened in Russia in our day, or is happening in other areas of that Oriental world whence all our religions came? "We know in part, and we prophesy in part," despite all our alleged scientific lingo.

This we do know, that individualism and ideology are far from having accomplished that which their sponsors would have us believe is within their field. Pharaoh is Pharaoh yet. It was a very realistic performance by way of which his entrenched interest and power were broken of old, and Israel emancipated to that long and far from ideal experience within the Promised Land out of which came at length the utmost idealism the world thus far has known. It will be a very realistic performance by which the modern world breaks loose from the Egypt of our day with involvements of violence which may as far exceed the interferences of Jehovah on the side of Israel as our world movement exceeds the trek of the Hebrew tribes out of Goshen into Canaan. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Perhaps our "economic determinism" is but another way of recognizing, in the midst of avowed irreligionism, that the universe still deals drastically with the oppressors of mankind, and that out of championships of divine deliverance as unideal as were the ways of Israel's deliverers there is coming a "New Testament" beyond anything we have read as yet therein.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The Old Earth and the New Deal

We are thinking of the field of settled business that has been going long enough to get its technique worked out. We ourselves frankly are experimenting, not sure of the result whether it will be worse or better. This seems all the stranger with our uncertain affairs, tomorrow a gamble, set in an order that as it was yesterday so it will be the day after.

We are thinking of the old earth doing business in a way that evidently has met the rigid tests of time. We are thinking of the standardized trees, shrubs, grass, dew and rain. We are thinking of the larger sweep of the standardized sun, moon, stars and nebulae that have settled into a way of running their affairs not subject to Congress, or the issues of the New Freedom, or the New Deal, or the Square Deal.

We confess great satisfaction this spring and summer with the settled business of the earth and the great scheme in which the earth is set. In a time when we are heavy with doubt about finding a way that can run ten years; when the Disarmament Conference and Literary Digest Poll are uncertain; when internationally and nationally the way of suicide seems as likely to be chosen as any, we confess great relief in looking forward to the sun keeping its place and the seasons knowing their ways.

We contemplated the really supreme disaster this spring if the world should fail to know its business and do it; if the leaves and grass should hesitate; if the sun should decide to take sabbatical, or go to conference with the planets, change our place in the cosmos or leave us out. We confess great business confidence and feeling of stability this spring, that, with all the unusual powers given to President and Dictator, here are powers that do not wait upon their will. We were right glad to see the trees come out again and the grass come up. We were glad to see the business in garden, yard, woods and by every water-course go on as usual without waiting the vote or sign of upturn. Here is this great business of all living things coming up under our feet, throwing its manifold successes in our faces while we contemplate what the next move will be. Here is life that did business before us; can do business without us, does it just the same in all places we are not.

The mind for its health is obliged to move in part into this settled order where somebody evidently knows what he is doing and has been doing it long enough to know that he can keep it up the year out, or the century out, or the millenium out. When we despair of trying to shape our human affairs, or forecast them; when brain feels tied in a knot and brow wrinkled in worry and wonder what form things will take; when we get tired of singing the praises of man's triumphs on earth; when we get tired facing the hard fact that millions are still but little better off for all that man has done, then, we commend the thought of this part of life that man has not touched with his ingenuity.

As one goes into this, he will have two gratitudes where one grew before. He will have the old gratitude for things familiar to his ears, man's matchless skill. Part of this may be believed, the diseases of which he has been healed, the knowledge that flies on the wings of the wind. Part of this may be taken with critical reservation. He will have gratitude, too, for the grass and leaf and star business. He will find himself very thankful that the color of the grass was not left to Congress or popular vote.

His mind will play with the possibility of sections of the earth at this moment that would have all the flowers green in their territory and sections that would have all the grass red, matching their flag or the colors of their national aspirations. One will find himself glad that the leaves belong to the standardized things. We should not be sure, if left to us, that the leaves would not be in form of cross or crescent, or hammer and sickle, or Masonic emblem, changing with the country. We know that the stars would not be allowed to shine to no purpose, this perfect bill-board of the sky, if we could rearrange them to tell what we read by the roadside, "Jesus is coming," or what is best to shave or gargle with, or what car to buy. We know how far our kind will go to tell the thing that fires them at the moment and there is no reason to think that the vegetation or the stars would be left untouched. After one follows through the possibilities, he will have these two gratitudes, one for the wide reaches of man's power and equal gratitude for all that he cannot touch.

Some discussion has been going on about the rain. It seems that it is not clear whether this is on the side of old earth's business or left to us. We expressed conviction that it belongs to the old standardized business. We had a letter about it, correcting us, citing chapter and verse. We understand how the uncertainty came about. To our knowledge people have been praying ten thousand years, or more, and it has been raining off and on all that time and a long time before. The valleys and gorges all indicate much rainfall before man had framed words or used them in prayer. Since man came, it is likely prayers always were said when rain was needed. If it came soon after, it was natural to think of some connection between the ascending prayer and the descending rain, as the cock noting that the sun always came up after it crowed naturally felt some responsibility. But a study of all the times when it rained without prayers being said for it, or rained on in spite of all the prayers for it to stop, or did not rain with all the prayers for it, a count of all the hits and misses, reveals no observable relation. Better understanding of evaporation, cooling and precipitation, shows no connection between these far-flung forces and whatever influence our minds exert on the mind of the world, or on the things about us.

We have been thinking of the possibilities if the rain had been left on our side of the business. If prayer power is effective with the rain processes, we can see the easy possibility of a prayer power ring about the Sahara Desert, Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian, in lieu of an engineering scheme of vast scope considered to flood the Sahara basin. Our expenditure for dams and irrigation ditches is very great to water the rainless stretches of the West. If prayer could do it, we should have a tidy sum left to help balance the budget. All the prayer forces of this country could be mobilized at practically no expense. People hardly ever charge for their prayers. With very little effort all the power of prayer of our best, Fosdick, Cadman, the Methodist Bishops and the Catholic Cardinals, could be brought to function on our dry places. If rain had been left to our business, there would be this obvious advantage.

On the other hand, we contemplate with consternation the result if management of rain were thrown upon Congress with all the other things for whose ordering

we await their action. We contemplate the difficulty of finding an agreement among the rival sections on the rain deserved, or to find a day to turn the prayer forces on. It would be the difficulty that Emerson's community had with Boston. As soon as the tulips wilted a little in the Public Garden they prayed for rain which flooded the little river in Concord. We contemplate the blocks of influence that would favor the Mississippi valley and leave Canada and New England dry, and all the pressure on the prayer power by those who had bought wheat and wanted to keep down the crop. At critical times undoubtedly there would be large contributions made to the churches from anonymous sources. If it had been left to us, there is no doubt that the prayer power would be mobilized in Chicago and New York to manipulate the market. The rival interests would have another instrument to use against the farmer. The imagination of each can pursue the effect of these various ramifications. In the end he will thank the Infinite Wisdom for keeping the treasury of the rain on his side of the management.

On the earth side. worked out and settled, are vegetation and all moving things, thousands of them, the moving kind synchronized with the green things, one throwing off gases, poison for it, that are the living breath of the other. Here, apart from man's affairs, is an automatic, self-regulating scheme, working with amazing harmony between the life rooted in the ground and the life moving upon its surface, without the landscape being disturbed, denuded, or polluted, every destructive thing that would mar the effect, balanced by something else that checks the range of its ravages. Here is life fitted to life with marvelous utility and artistry that keeps the earth a comely thing with all the varied uses of it.

Here about us is a very old line of established products. You know tomorrow's models, the rules of credit rating and the dividends. You know the exact terms on which you hold its shares and the terms on which it will squeeze you out. There will be no change of business policy for the next ten thousand years. Here, set in these settled things, sound, computable, certain, are our lesser affairs and proud pretensions. Just how we are going to live, with what new gadgets and refinements, is man's business. Our living at all, belongs to the old settled business of the earth.

In this brave new world, we are saved by the old economy of the ages that pursues its way unmindful of the big managing fellows and the professors. On this sure foundation, we venture our enterprises, not sure that they will work, and many of them do not. With the per cent of human failures, nothing at this moment keeps the world from complete collapse but the part of life we cannot get our hands on. The nature of things, read in the face of life itself, indicates the proper spread of investment. If one has a margin to play with, he may venture where the yield might be higher, or might not be anything, but a substantial part should be with an established thing with a surer, if lower, rate. To change the figure, a wise nation, if it wants to stay a while on the Earth, will plant one foot in this old business of earth and let that bear the greater weight of its existence. With the other foot it will venture a step into the quicksands of man's experiments where most are likely to lose all the time and all some of the time. The nation will do best by the thousand years that lean heavily on the foot planted in the old established business of the earth. One does not have to read out of a book that a nation that plays its industrialists against its farmers is just plain fool.

Man in time will come to do his part better and be honest about it. At the present stage only a part of life may be risked on man's side of the business. All too large a part of human affairs does not inspire confidence or add to comeliness. The city slum but ill accords with the wooded hills around. Much of every city, streets, houses, and clothes, is a blot upon the general picture that old earth made and keeps. The desolate spots are where man's business has crowded out the old most completely. The fairest parts of earth are where the old things of earth have been least disturbed and show through the works of man the most.

It is just this disparate proportion between our human affairs and the older affairs of the world that keeps us going. We can do fine things and much foolishness, but we cannot be foolish enough to be fatal. We live in an essentially fool-proof world. The greatest human schemes, successively, have gone up and come down. The lizards run over them, sand and vine discreetly hide from us the major failures of our kind. Hardly any human activity has run straight through without intervals of complete collapse, but at the worst, humanly speaking, it never could be bad enough to be a mortal hurt. It is not within the power of man to bring the race to complete bankruptcy. The receiver in all bankruptcy cases of our kind holds enough out for another start and man goes experimenting on. Just now, with the parts of the race that have wasted their substance; killed their customers; lived up their past and mortgaged their future, there is only one thing that keeps them going, this they could not mismanage away. The seasons will come, the mechanism of earth will function on. Sufficient unto the year will be the fruits of their constancy.

We are free for monumental successes; have had both, likely will have both many times again, but we cannot go into the capital. At our best and worst, we are under a trust arrangement that holds back from our most prodigal course a little income that is enough. This is the providential provision for the body of man that keeps him going century in and century out. This is the careful arrangement of life that keeps our kind from complete skepticism as well as pauperism, this older, wiser management that brought us here and provided for keeping us here, the part that has been doing it so long that experiment has settled into habit and what has not worked long since has dropped by the way.

JOHN MALICK.

Spirit of America

Out of the darksome valley we have trod
There comes a clearer light than we have known,
A steadfast light of glory to atone
For sorrow and the torment of the rod.

"In God we trust" and even now the light
Is breaking and the hopes that we have sown
Bring promise of a dawn exceeding bright.

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

Feminist Attack

Believing that the best defense is an attack, some women, instead of defending our rights against all the modern kinds of reaction, are making a flank movement into enemy territory to get more rights. In Geneva this summer the Women's Consultative Committee on Nationality met for three days right in the Disarmament Building of the League of Nations and prepared its annual report for the September Assembly. In 1934 the Consultative Committee comprises five international groups, the Council of Women, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the All-Asian Council of Women, the Equal Rights International and the Inter-American Commission of Women.

Since its founding in 1931 by the Council of the League, the Consultative Committee has never failed to oppose annually the unequal status of women as proposed in the only article so far shaped under League of Nations auspices (in 1930, the Hague Convention on Nationality) for the future International World Code of Law. Even if international lawyers expect it to simplify their job, enlightened women cannot welcome a world law that merely unifies the existing national arrangements for changing a woman's nationality without her consent. So again we repeated our opposition this year, and went further and recommended a model convention offered to the world by the Western Hemisphere.

To women in the United States and other Republics of America it seems natural to assume little by little our complete equality in law. In Europe perhaps not,—European women desiring equality but hardly regarding it as their natural right. American members of the Consultative Committee on Nationality were properly proud of both of our Montevideo Treaties—one for equal nationality rights which all the American Republics signed in December and are now in process of ratifying, and another signed by four American States which would equalize completely the legal status of men and women, the so-called Equal Rights Treaty.

The Consultative Committee in Geneva proposes that, instead of the Hague Convention with its wrong start in nationality regulations, the Montevideo Nationality Treaty be offered by the League of Nations to all the members of the League for their adherence. We don't forget to add that women intend to have eventually by means of the Equal Rights Treaty, all the legal rights men now enjoy.

Next the question will be how to make our report. The Assembly discusses only the items on its agenda, and the powers that be in Geneva, the Secretariat—all gentlemen of the old school—prefer not to hear our report which is always contrary to their plans and usually gives them trouble. So they are not willing to put it on their program again. In fact the Secretariat would welcome the extinction of our impertinent committee. How do they dare to prevent the discussion of an item so important to women as their own nationality, and yet expect us to support with religious fervor their League of Nations! Let American women's clubs take notice, and put their pressure where it will do the most good.

After participating in the work of the Consultative Committee in Geneva as a representative of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, I went to Paris to represent the same League again at an interesting assemblage of women against War and Fascism beginning August 4th. My first aim there was to secure a clear-cut statement of the methods women ought to use to defeat war and fascism. But the Congress was not that kind of a Congress, and my resolution concerning civilized means of attack and defense, although it had received the signatures of pacifists from six different countries, was silently suppressed in the resolutions committee. Among the thousand and over delegates, Communists were prominent and Russian representatives had a large share in the management. I must say that the Russian Madame Stassova who often presided was one of the best-balanced and gentle-mannered of the group,—in private conversation a most sensible woman! Enthusiastic and eloquent speakers followed one another at the loud-speaker. There was practically no discussion—only the usual confusion of a big workers' demonstration. Smaller groups were meeting continuously in committee rooms, and it will take time to extract from their innumerable reports the essence of the full significance of the Congress. Personally I can work with communists for our common ends, but too much oratory bores me. Better to clarify and elaborate all the methods for united work even if our agenda proves short, than to lose so much possible cooperation by letting sensational emotion keep the program vague and confused.

In feminism, however, we scored a famous victory in Paris. The big red stage of the Maison Mutualite had for a back-stop curtain a modernistic painting of a savage battle between the workers and a choice collection of capitalistic groups—terrible prediction to all who know how violence ends! Above the stage immense letters said: Emancipation *Totale des Femmes,* but the spirit of the Congress was far removed from feminism. It was only after a long and persistent struggle that Alice Paul representing the International Relations Committee of the Women's Party in this Congress, succeeded in securing a unanimous vote in support of the Equal Rights Treaty of Montevideo. Madame Duchêne, chief organizer of the Paris Congress, gave us invaluable help and even the American communists came to see that it was no treason to their cause to unite in one of the few good deeds of our wicked bourgeois governments.

If working women and communist women and our left wing pacifists could unitedly endorse the Equal Rights Treaty in Paris, surely it must get good support from the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom which was founded on the basis of women's equality with men. And so it proved in Zurich where the emergency congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom was called for the first week of September. We wrangled mostly over our constitution and aims again, and took no inspiring step toward the goal of international peace except our unanimous vote for women's equality by the new method of international treaty. If the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will only throw its weight strongly during the period of the Assembly into the feminist campaign already started in Geneva, we can give the world a lead out of the stalemate men have got us into.

Women ought to take public office—not just a few politicians who follow the leader exactly like men politicians but a lot of women in all the key positions who

aren't ashamed to represent women's real interests. By taking ourselves seriously and demanding all our human rights, we can create the only possible basis for success in founding the international commonwealth of the future.

LOLA MAVERICK LLOYD.

Has the Theatre a Message?

Every form of art has its specific effect on the human emotional complex. Music is especially potent in this regard, arousing joy, sadness, despondency and hopefulness. Music is the universal language of mankind.

Painting and sculpture create a specific impression. Who of us, studying the statue of a long-dead hero, has not felt himself suddenly gripped by an understanding of the man's nature. At times, we hear of sculptors falling in love with the statues they themselves have fashioned out of stone. As for painting—the great art galleries are full of the works of men who were able to interpret in color hidden mysteries inexplicable by the harsh, cold logic of real life.

Art takes on many forms. Some men of genius have chosen architecture as their mode of expression, their means of beautifying this humdrum world of ours. Yet, architecture—no matter how great—is but a technical achievement, comparable rather to the perfection reached by modern mechanical development. It lacks a soul, for it is not true art.

The word *art* has been used rather freely during the last century. It is applied to dress-making and the manufacture of furniture—some hotels advertise their chefs as artists. If we would reduce the concept of art to its clearest terms we must go back to the Renaissance period, when words were not used as loosely as now, when poetry was more than the devising of rhymes to be repeated by the man in the street. In those days *art* meant extraordinary creative achievement.

The art of the theatre is the finest, the noblest, the most suggestive, for it is the synthesis of all the arts. Sculpture, painting, literature, architecture, terpsichorean art and music are its natural tools. But while it needs all these artistic manifestations in order to be its whole self, it asks of its priest one indispensable virtue: *faith.* In antiquity acting was a ritual art. Students of the drama agree that the theatre oscillated between the spheres of art as entertainment and art as an expression of religious exaltation. A study of various theatres in various countries confirms the thesis that the origin of the drama was religious.

Thus, we find the beginnings of the medieval theatre in the miracle-plays of that period, those ecclesiastical dramas whose tableaux were based on religious subjects. From that time date the Passion Plays which have survived to this day, notwithstanding the various transformations undergone by the theatre during the centuries. And it is the religious theme, the moral contrast between good and evil which has dominated playwrights up to our modern era.

Thus we see that the church and the theatre were closely allied until the Renaissance period set in. The church recognized the propaganda value of the theatre and used it to good advantage until there appeared playwrights who saw the theatre as a medium for the expression of their interpretation of morality and heroism, of right and wrong. When these interpretations broke away from the doctrines laid down by the church the latter became a bitter foe of the theatre. For a long time actors were considered a loose element, a menace to public morals.

In modern times, however, the church and the theatre have again established many points of contact. The modern minister realizes that the church and the theatre approach their public by very similar emotional avenues. To illustrate this statement I need only mention the Max Reinhardt production of "The Miracle."

But to draw a parallel between the preacher and the actor would take us too far at this time. Suffice it to say that there was an age when the actor was the imitator of life and the preacher its interpreter. But the art of acting as practised today demands much more than imitation—even more than interpretation. The art of the theatre—if it is to have any right to call itself an art—must be creative.

The theatre must present an important and interesting aspect of life. The theatre must delve into the deepest, most secret recesses of the human soul. By its crystallization of life it must stimulate the imagination. It must be the mirror that reflects man himself, all the aspects of life, both good and evil. Yet not rigidly, nor photographically. The image held up by the theatre must be subtly and delicately executed.

It is the function of the theatre to mirror all human struggle, joy and sorrow. This does not, however, mean that the stage should be used for purposes of propaganda. The theatre must not be permitted to degenerate into a platform for propaganda regarding the price of a loaf of bread or a quart of milk. The greatest battles of humanity may be fought through the theatre, it may impress profound moral lessons upon its audiences—but it must never allow itself to neglect its dramatic aspect.

When Shakespeare wrote his "Merchant of Venice," he took his theme from a sensational legal case that had actually been fought out in the courts, and in which a Jew had played a ridiculous role. In Elizabethan England the Jew was regarded as a fearful, diabolical being. Sensing the dramatic value of the incident Shakespeare wrote his play, making his Jew demand a pound of flesh. The goading to which he must submit is at least as anguishing as would have been his taking the security promised by Antonio.

Is "The Merchant of Venice" a play that will live through the centuries? Yes, because Shakespeare, while striving to present a grotesque figure of a Jew to arouse the laughter of his audience, created one of the most tragic characters to be found in any of his great plays. Shakespeare was

a true artist; and his artistic intuition led him aright in his molding of the figure of Shylock.

But what is it that the theatre should give to its public? What does the public seek in the theatre today? What is the message of the contemporary theatre?

We know that among the ancient Greeks the theatre occupied a position as exalted as that of religion itself. And the spectators who viewed the dramatic presentations actually took part in them, shared their emotional content. Sophocles and Aristophanes wrote not for actors alone but for the entire Greek nation. Dramatic artists sprang up from among the people and with their inspired playing aroused latent ambitions among their fellowmen, with the result that audiences too played a definite part in the Greek theatre.

Similarly we find that in the Arabian theatre, even today the actors bring the spectators into a state of such ecstasy that the entire audience takes part in the dramatic action, swept away by the emotions portrayed on the stage.

But what can the public learn in the theatre today?

In these times parents may well be reluctant to take their children to the theatre, for much that is base is presented there, and it is from the stage that the young learn how to conduct themselves. Nowadays our youth can get effective lessons in flirting in the theatre, and they can be instructed in the proper manner of carrying a hipflask.

True, the American theatre boasts of a number of significant dramatists: Eugene O'Neill, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, Elmer Rice. Other theatrical personalities of note include Theresa Helburn, Edmund Jones, Eva La Gallienne, Lee Simonson, Philip Moeller, Jed Harris and Gilbert Miller, who in recent years have made vigorous efforts to raise the American stage to a higher level. But the fight against the dominating current of commercialism is a most difficult one.

Talking pictures may in the form of news-reels and plays, become a significant social factor. The news-reels already constitute a valuable addition to the old means of recording events, customs and usages, but many of the talking picture plays keep away the intelligent spectator, so trite and uninspired are the stories usually presented.

Yet the intelligent public enjoys good plays and is appreciative of true artistic endeavor in the theatre. The Theatre Guild's production of "Mourning Becomes Electra" was hailed and proved a production which furnished proof that a skilful dramatist with a genuine instinct for the drama cannot be misled into writing down to the public—or, to put it more accurately, down to what the public is commonly supposed to want.

The original purpose of the theatre was to provide a place where thoughtful people could go to view and ponder over a certain cross-section of life as presented on the stage. Nowadays a person who tries to take the theatre seriously experiences a terrific struggle. Yet this is not the fault of the public. An audience is a mass of people which the artist behind the footlights must control. From behind the footlights comes the impulse that elevates or stultifies the audience.

The American theatre suffers from the presence of those viewing it commercially who exploit it for purposes of speculation. In this connection we may learn a lesson from Europe, where the theatre is under government supervision and prospective theatrical directors must demonstrate their fitness for their work before they are permitted to embark upon it. By such means the theatre can be kept free of those who are not essentially a part of it and who have no really vital interest in its welfare and development.

Can you imagine what the Metropolitan Opera would become if the venerable Signor Gatti-Casazza were suddenly to be ousted in favor of a hustling, bustling, financial genius with the avowed purpose of doubling his capital? Were I to diagnose the fundamental disease of the contemporary theatre in this country I could express it in one word: Commercialism. The theatre can be the bearer of a great message—the articulate expression of the greatest literary geniuses of all times.

But the chilling hand of commercialism, dictates the policy of the American theatre—and the American theatre submits.

As I mentioned before, a real repertory theatre, whose function it would be to bear a national or international message, would have to be subsidized by the state, as some of the European theatres. The Comedie Francaise for example, could not exist a year without its government subsidy. But the people of France have recognized that the theatre is one of the most vital factors in the dissemination of culture. And so the Comedie Francaise has for more than two hundred and fifty years been a constant source of inspiration for the playwright of France. It may not be very up-to-date, but it is an institution which is largely responsible for the glorious epoch that the French drama enjoyed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Except for the Theatre Guild, which has provided a stage for the drama of Eugene O'Neill, we in this country have little of which to boast. The comparatively young Civic Repertory Theatre and the Yiddish Art Theatre are the two American repertory groups which, disregarding the financial difficulties, are marching ahead, building a stage for the best in the drama of America and other nations. We have no other experimental theatre where the young and unknown but original artists may find an opportunity to be heard if he has something to contribute to the drama.

The Yiddish Art Theatre, which I founded in New York in 1918, has always striven to merit its title, and the struggle has often been a very difficult one. In the fifteen years of its existence, the Yiddish Art Theatre has presented one hundred and ten plays, ranging from the Yiddish classics to the works of the ultra-modern European and American dramatists. We have played, in a single week, Sholem Aleichem, Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, and Romaine Rolland. And every play has left its mark on our group.

Perhaps you remember the vogue which Ansky's "Dybbuk" enjoyed on the English stage. This play brought the American public, both Jewish and non-Jewish, a glimpse of an unfamiliar phase of Jewish life. We of the Yiddish Art Theatre

prepared the ground for the English version of "The Dybbuk," so that when the English play was presented critics and audiences received it with enthusiasm.

To prepare our troupe so that it would be able to execute a spectacle like "Yoshe Kalb," the current production at the Yiddish Art Theatre, required years. It would have been impossible to produce such a play if we had followed the method of the commercial theatres—the method of selecting a play, choosing a cast whose members are strangers to one another, rehearsing, and then staging the production—which might be mechanically perfect, but must necessarily lack any intrinsic relationship with the drama itself. Actors who work together in a production must know one another. Actors must work together for years before they constitute an effective ensemble.

The individual actor is but a fraction of the entire production. Personally I consider the actor clay in the hands of the director. The director must be familiar with his material, must know just what are the strong and weak points of the various members of his cast. That is why it is impossible to transmit to an audience the inner spirit of any play after only four weeks of rehearsing together. It takes years to mould an ensemble, and months of work to identify it with a play.

In the Yiddish Art Theatre we have an ensemble whose members have been in close contact with one another for years. And the intimate knowledge which this contact has given us has made possible the production of such an enormously difficult play as "Yoshe Kalb."

The principle of justice is inherent in the theatre. The development of the drama has brought with it the emergence of various types of heroes, the good and the wicked, the serious and the comic. Thus we have the buffoon, who furnishes comedy; we have the serious hero, who engages our sympathies; and the villain, who provides what we may call intrigue.

In the works of our great dramatists we seldom find a plot in which the villain reaps desirable rewards or the virtuous hero meets with final ill fortune. We may search in vain through all of Shakespeare to find a villain who escapes punishment or a hero whose nobility remains unrewarded. That is dramatic justice. The writer of trash may bring his play to a banal close, the gifted dramatist may give his plot a fascinating twist—but both observe the fundamental principle of dramatic justice. For the public wants to see justice done—on the stage, at least. The more poetic a play is, the greater the nobility of its conception, the more deeply it can penetrate into the hearts of men.

The most impressive scene of "Yoshe Kalb" is that which portrays a tribunal of justice. Much has been written on this scene, much discussion has centered about the solemn spectacle of seventy rabbis assembled on the stage to pass judgment. Seventy rabbis have come from many east European cities to constitute a Sanhedrin. Seventy rabbis must judge whether the accused is the nicknamed "Yoshe Kalb," or "Nahumtche," son of the Rachmanivke Rabbi.

This is the climax, the supreme moment of the entire performance. And this scene brings to the public knowledge of a phase of Jewish life that reveals the deep sense of justice inherent in the Jewish people. For it shows the caution with which Jews proceed before imparting judgment.

Then, too, this scene takes us back to the time when the ancient Sanhedrin of Jerusalem dominated Jewish life. So careful was that rabbinical court to avoid injustice, to permit no judicial error, that when in the course of a century a Sanhedrin did condemn a prisoner to death, that group of judges was called the "bloody" Sanhedrin.

The theatre must teach the art of living. The most learned scholar cannot reach the hidden recesses of the human mind or penetrate the deepest nooks of the human heart as effectively as can a stirring scene artistically portrayed on the stage.

America is capable of attaining first rank in the world of the theatre. We have a considerable number of noteworthy dramatic artists, both men and women. We have excellent musicians, original scenic artists, interesting playwrights. But the American theatre has not yet grasped the principle which should be its cornerstone—the principle that the art of the theatre must be taken with the utmost seriousness.

The American theatre should organize a dramatic tribunal to govern and direct its activities. The theatre is a world in itself, and should have authorities of its own to judge the deeds of its members. A dramatic tribunal consisting of twenty or thirty outstanding personalities could do much toward raising the status of the theatre in the eyes of the American public.

Such a tribunal would examine the theatrical directors to determine their fitness for their work. This would do a great deal toward clearing the dramatic sphere of those who have no understanding of it, no love for it, but view it simply as a money-making field. The theatre must not be regarded as a business. It must be loved, cultivated, understood.

The youth of America, our children, are drawing away from the theatre. What is the reason for this ignoring of the theatre on the part of our youth? The answer is very simple: There are not enough theatres that cater to our children. Only two theatres in New York have been making serious efforts to reach children and to teach them appreciation of dramatic art. These two theatres are Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory group and the Yiddish Art Theatre. If you have ever attended one of their children's performances you will remember how gratefully the boys and girls received the play presented for them.

The belief that the actors in children's performances should be children is erroneous. Plays that are staged for children should employ experienced and skilful actors who can arouse the admiration of their audience. A theatre tribunal such as I have outlined could be of great service in the development of a permanent children's theatre in America.

In this country particularly dramatic offerings by any racial group should be sympathetically received by all. If an artistic, well-executed produc-

tion is presented by any theatrical organization—be its language English, Yiddish, Italian, Russian or Chinese, every citizen of this melting-pot of ours should hasten to give his support to such an undertaking.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ*

*Distinguished Jewish actor, founder and manager of the Yiddish Art Theatre, New York.

Greatness of a Little Man

It is eventide at an Indian village. The mountains are shrouded in a faint blue mist. Uneven patches of green show cool and inviting on their slopes. First tinges of the setting sun are spreading across the sky, while along the road slow moving oxen trudge placidly homeward. Behind them are their masters, followed by groups of women folks balancing earthenware water pots on their heads. Nearby is a pond, reflecting a row of stately palms, always so tall, immovable and solitary.

Here and there along the railway track we notice a few bronzed, dignified figures standing on little hillocks, evidently on the lookout. The women's bright saris make a beautiful splash of color against the darkening sky. Suddenly they turn and run as fast as their legs will take them.

The train steams in. "Mahatmaji Ki jai, Mahatmaji Ki jai" comes as a mighty cheer from hundreds of people who have tramped for miles and waited for hours to welcome their friend and hero. They surge round the carriage door, mounting the running boards, handing in gifts and money for the Harijan cause and for the relief of earthquake sufferers in Bihar.

Surely no man in all history has ever received such ovations for days and weeks and months on end. Wherever he goes, in districts that share his ideas and in those that do not it is with difficulty that he makes his way through the enthusiastic crowds. A few weeks ago heavy rains caused delay. He had so many meetings and functions that his followers tried to dissuade him from fulfilling his last engagement. But he was adamant. "I promised to go. The people expect me. Therefore I go!" The party arrived at nearly midnight. It was deluged with rain. But there was still a faithful crowd of twenty thousand to greet him.

Who is Mahatma Gandhi? Most of us know him for a little man of insignificant stature, a ready bait for the caricaturist, a man who lives on vegetables and raw fruit and drinks goat's milk. Clad always in the dress of a coolie, he identifies himself always with the poor for whom he is working. The western clothes of a barrister have long been discarded. He will continue to identify himself with the poor until the right to live rather than exist, the right to have comforts and enjoy the consolations and inspiration of religion is granted to untouchables.

Who is this man who, in an interior district, nearly two thousand miles from his birthplace stirs the hearts of India's millions so that they welcome him with rousing ovations and enthusiastically contribute an average of three rupees a minute to the Harijan Cause? One day we passed through a stronghold of orthodoxy, where feeling is said to run high against him. He was given an impressive welcome. The young men and boys who stood beneath black flags with the inscription "Go back Gandhi" were very soon cheering as loudly as the rest and smiling happily. People cannot resist a man who is so obviously sincere in his selfless devotion to the service of others.

It is the greatness of this little man which impresses those who really know him. He is a "complete" person, who amid scenes of tremendous enthusiasm which might well turn the head of a lesser person remains absolutely imperturbable. He accepts the acclamations of the people impassively, as a tribute to the sincerity of his desire for freedom and advancement of the masses, rather than to himself.

He is extremely thoughtful for others, and personally superintends every little detail of arrangements for the convenience and comfort of the touring party. In some mysterious way he seems to hear of everything. When the party divided into two groups and our baggage was sent on with A instead of B it was Mr. Gandhi who directed everything and saw that we were provided with Indian clothes, rugs and cushions until our own baggage returned. He will never leave a meeting until he sees that we are safely out and piloted through the crowds. He stops his car and sends back presents of oranges and other fruits to keep us happy on the hot dusty roads. He is there to give a helping hand when we overbalance while slipping into our shoes. He beams with joy when he is able to distribute bananas and sugar candy to Harijan children who have assembled to greet him along the road, or at stations. It is a joy to him to nurse those who are not well, to render first aid on the road to anyone who may need bandaging. He was very much distressed a few days ago. The crowds were unusually large and over enthusiastic. The faithful Gandhi men formed a bodyguard to protect him but that was not enough. A young German South African, who is touring with the party, rushed immediately to their help. Unfortunately he tripped and fell and the swaying crowds, unable to hold themselves back because of pressure from behind, trampled on him. Gandhi rendered first aid, and the young student talked volubly to him in German as he began to recover consciousness. We had been away for a few days and the first thing Gandhi said after welcoming us back was "Have you heard about the accident?"

When Gandhi was in London at Kingsley Hall, the boys and girls of Children's House, Bow made birthday presents for him. These he took back to India, in spite of his many bundles. He has not forgotten the children's gifts. Whenever a specially attractive garland is given to him he hands it over immediately and says "Take this back to the children of Bow. They will love to play with it."

His sense of humor never fails him. He has a hearty laugh and enjoys a joke at all times, especially against himself. The presents given to him are generally very beautiful and are auctioned at once. The money goes straight to the Harijan fund. Sometimes the gifts have no claim to beauty; most of the portraits of himself come under this category. With a quiet smile he enjoins the crowd that they are not bidding nearly highly enough for such treasures, and amid much merriment the bids go up. Gandhi laughed heartily when just as an atrocity was fetching a high price from a cheery bidder, Muriel Lester remarked "I reckon that's cheating. You ought to pay him to take it away." Two other portraits are worthy of mention. One was a very good one and interesting, executed on

a typewriter by a student of the Trichinopoly School of Commerce. Gandhi gave this to me when he saw how much I admired it. The other was greeted with shouts of joy by us all. It was entitled "East and West" and depicted the meeting of Gandhi and King George at Buckingham Palace. Both looked equally effeminate and insipid, Gandhi's coolie dress and shawl had been adorned with silver spangles—decidedly an invention of the artist for everybody knows that he has put aside ornaments and vanities forever.

"Sir," said a young Indian student to Gandhi the other day when we were all travelling together on a night journey on the narrow hard wooden seats of a third class railway compartment, "please autograph this." He handed him a copy of Palgrave's Golden Treasury. "Not without five rupees," was the reply. "No signature without payment is the rule today," with the result that money is pouring in to the fund for the education of Harijans and the setting up of clinics and hospitals. The five rupees were handed over and the Treasury duly autographed. Not yet satisfied, the student said in a voice vibrating with hero worship "Please give me your advice." Gandhi looked searchingly at him for a moment, opened the book, then handed it to him with a chuckle. "You ask for my advice. See here. John Milton on His Blindness."

No portrait of Gandhi would be complete without some mention of his courage. He is never out to curry favor and always says what he thinks is right, whatever people's reactions may be. To Harijans who have given a superficial appearance of cleanliness to their village in his honor he says "Roads and sanitation temporarily improved for me are a disgrace. They must be permanently improved for the good of all. Untouchables must not expect Caste Hindus to purify themselves of the curse of untouchability, if untouchables make no attempt at self-purification in their turn. To rich students who have contributed meagrely to the fund for social uplift, he says "This purse is not big enough. If you have given generously with your hearts, I accept it. But I feel you could have done better." At Ernakulam he was given a picture in which the King-Emperor, the Queen, Mrs. Naidu and he were depicted. At the bottom of the picture was written

"Religion and Caste are the most dreadful enemies of Harijans."

He refused to sell it, saying "Even for the Harijan cause I cannot be instrumental in selling this picture. It is not religion but irreligion that is the enemy of Harijans. Let the friend who presented this destroy it."

Gandhi is welcomed everywhere as "the apostle of Truth," as "one who pleads with his people not with the sword but with love." We do not claim that he is faultless: we *know* that he is sincere. He is hailed by his countrymen as one of the great Seers sent for the promotion of righteousness, for helping the sick and succoring the distressed, as Mahatma (Great Soul) who always considers the good of others before his own. He works constructively and steadfastly and has been doing so for years by non-violent methods. He has a quiet, restraining yet stimulating influence on young India. A little man in whom is greatness and strength.

DOROTHY HOGG*

*Niece and traveling companion of Miss Muriel Lester, who entertained Gandhi at Kingsley Hall, London, on his famous visit to England in 1931. Miss Hogg is a contributor to UNITY.—Editor.

Trumpets on New Horizons

Outdone

Down in his courtroom Satan moaned
And shed despondent tears.
"What chance have I, what chance," he groaned,
"Beside my modern peers?"

"Men used to hold me worse than bad
When I collected tolls
Of many a tarnished Galahad
And ruined maiden souls,
And bound each captured lass and lad
In a den of smoking coals!

"Great fiends! They wronged me! Hear my plaint!
We were but mild transgressors!
Our sins would seem a milk-white taint
To our latter-day successors!

"I bow! I kneel to earthly lords
Who deal in red munitions,
And from the blood of trampled hordes
Cull golden acquisitions!

"I bow! I kneel to all who fan
The fires their brothers die in,
And from split brains and hearts of man
Win silken beds to lie in!"

. . . .

Down in his courtroom Satan moaned,
And shed despondent tears.
"What chance have I, what chance," he groaned,
"Beside my modern peers?"

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

Philanthropists

Everybody except himself can tell
Just what his ailment is, just what his need,
The exact prescription that will make him well,
Just what should be his drink and what his feed.
They choose his place to work, his spot to live
And when and where to pleasure or to pray;
To acquiesce his one prerogative,
He need but take their word and then obey.

And still the brute shows his ingratitude
By now and then acting dissatisfied;
But the wise and great must expect the rude
From him who has no learning, tact or pride.
All they demand is that they have the say
How he should work and what should be his pay.

JACK GREENBERG.

Up Braver Trails

Our minds grow shallow and our senses reel.
Now prisoners to regiments of things,
To dusty odor, never-ceasing wheel,
We dance like puppets pulled by rulers' strings.

We fix our eyes on dull immediacies,
We groove our footsteps into narrow ways
The while we bend our plodding frames to please
The God we fashion through our mental haze.

The God "omnipotent" and yet who fails
To heed the echoed tide of human moan.
When shall we blaze our way up braver trails?
We all are gods. Now make the world our own!

LUCIA TRENT.

The Study Table

Looking Forward and Looking Backward

Mr. Soule's book* is not only timely but also important. It impresses us as the most valuable book which has appeared on the present crisis in American political and economic affairs. It is specifically a study of what has happened to us in the great depression, and of what is likely to come out of it all. Neither radical nor reactionary, not capitalistic, socialistic or communistic, not attacking the New Deal nor yet approving it, the author is rigorously objective in his treatment of the events of this tremendous hour. He is not interested in doctrines or even theories; he has no favorite ideas to vindicate at any cost, and thus does not torture the contemporary scene into a pattern of his own conceiving. His one desire is to see things as they are, to recognize the consequences that are certain to follow from certain causes, and thus to find the truth whatever it may be. He is utterly realistic, and for this reason enormously impressive when he says that a vast revolution is even now under way in this country, with a new social order certain sooner or later to arrive.

The progress of Mr. Soule's argument is simple, logical, and, in the light of the facts presented and interpreted, irrefutable. The first seventy-five pages of his book are devoted to a study of the nature of revolution as a social process. He states what now should be familiar, that revolution is not a sudden and violent blow-up of society, not in any sense a contrast or contradiction to evolution. On the contrary, the two things, revolution and evolution, are simply two parts of one and the same process—"revolution merely a name for a single cycle in a long evolutionary process of human society." All the popular ideas about revolution—that it is catastrophic, a final collapse, that it is violent, that it is sudden, that it is brought about by rioting mobs in the streets, that the upheaval is the result of the discontent of an oppressed class whose misery is so profound that it is driven to revolt—all these ideas are "almost completely unfounded." Revolution as a matter of fact is a long process of disintegration, it moves slowly through an extended period of time, it is seldom violent except as fighting is precipitated in defense of a political overturn already successfully achieved, and its moving force is not the discontent and revolt of downtrodden and miserable victims of oppression, but "the shift of ideas, traditions, loyalties . . . led by intellectuals" which accompanies deep changes in the existing political and economic regime. The real focal point of revolution is not the popular uprising at all, but rather the collapse of a ruling class which loses its confidence and relaxes its grasp as the familiar aspects of its world begin to alter. To prove his thesis, the author tells concisely and vividly the stories of the Puritan revolution in England, "the first American revolution," the French revolution, and the Russian revolution. He proves his case—that there are, first, "basic changes in ways of conducting affairs," then "a new alignment of social classes," a ferment of ideas among the intellectuals who now no longer adorn and glorify but rather criticize and condemn the existing regime, finally a disintegration of the ruling powers accompanied by social reforms of one kind and another, and at last a crisis which brings the overturn. It is usually only when all this has taken place that "violence occurs when those who have been thrust from power strive to regain it." If revolutions succeed, it is "because many people want it, and are ready to obey the new authorities. After it has taken place, the choice as to whether there will be violence will rest with the enemies of the revolution."

The second part of the book, too long, intricate and detailed even to be summarized in this place, is a narrative of the changes now taking place under the surface of American life, largely technical in their nature as a result of the machine and its uses and consequences. This is in essence a picture of capitalism, and of what is happening to capitalism under the impact of super-production, private profits, a disappearing frontier, vast aggregations of invested capital, and a working population ever more helpless under the exploitation of a system which they sustain and cannot control. Mr. Soule destroys forever the myth of *laissez-faire*—that there has ever really been any such thing as free, unfettered individual initiative and action under the so-called competitive system of industry. But his main point is that of the increasing "rigidities" of capitalism. Here is a system which produces such enormous changes in technics on the one side and in human relations on the other, that the one condition of survival is a flexibility which will permit of quick and decisive adjustments. But it is this very flexibility which is denied under a capitalistic set-up which, by its very nature, becomes ever more rigid as it becomes infinitely more complicated, The result is a tension which sooner or later must lead to break-down and catastrophe. It is just this kind of break-up which has come upon us in this age.

The old is cracking; something new is rising to take its place. The first essentials of the long revolutionary process are present.

Part III tells the story of the last five years—and a thrilling story it is! Nothing is more remarkable than the fact, made plain by abundant statistical data, that the depression began in this country long before the sensational collapse of the stock market in the fall of 1929. The "crash" of the exchanges, in other words, was not the cause of the depression; on the contrary, it was the consequences of a depression already well begun. All the signs of unprecedented "hard times" were apparent to those who could see. But nobody saw—or, if they saw, they denied the reality of what was thus disclosed, or wished it all away. So the structure of our economic life toppled and fell, to the vast surprise of a world convinced that the secret of economic perpetual motion had been discovered.

President Hoover's resistance to the disaster is narrated in detail. The author shows conclusively that nothing is more unjust than the popular idea that the President did nothing. On the contrary.

*"The Coming American Revolution," by George Soule. Published by Macmillan. $2.50.

after the first few months when everybody was busy denying that anything had happened, Mr. Hoover did a great deal. He became exceedingly active. Only he insisted, with an ineptness characteristic not so much of himself as of the system he represented, upon following a plan of action based substantially upon the idea that the American business of production and trade was fundamentally sound, that an accident had occurred which could be corrected, and that "the only enemy was fear." It was only when everything that the President tried accomplished no results, when "the ordinary capitalist machinery failed in all its applications," that a kind of paralysis seized the administration, and a dreadful period of waiting intervened while things went steadily from bad to worse. This was a tragic period, characterized by a ferment of discontent which finally burst, so to speak, in the election of 1932, wherein the people repudiated Mr. Hoover and turned with almost desperate eagerness to Mr. Roosevelt.

The account of the New Deal takes up the next fifty pages of this volume. It is as good an account of this amazing period of history as has yet been offered. Mr. Soule is on the whole sympathetic in his viewpoint when not strictly objective and impartial. What chiefly impresses him seems to be the vast amount of good intention let loose upon the land under the direction of President Roosevelt, and the vast amount of confusion accompanying this good intention. He can see little evidence of social planning, although the idea of planning has been beneficently and permanently released into our American life—perhaps the one great achievement of the Roosevelt administration! Instead of actual planning today, we have ingenious improvisation, a happy-go-lucky resort to anything and everything that will keep the country going a little longer, and reconcile contending factions and schools of opinion. There is little statesmanship in it all. As a net result, we have not got beyond

. . . good old capitalistic planning, which subordinated not merely most of the socialistic implications in the orginal Roosevelt program, but the remnants of self-adjusting *laissez-faire*. Planning had won a sort of victory in public esteem, but the emergent issue now was, what kind of planning ought it to be, who should control it, and to what ends? The stage was set to see what planning in the interest of private profit could do for the nation.

So Roosevelt has not taken us very far! Planning, yes; but planning today almost as definitely under the capitalistic system as in the pitiful days of Herbert Hoover! What is coming out of it all? Perhaps a capitalistic revival—the depression may be conquered, and good times come back again. On the whole, thinks Mr. Soule, this result is likely.

Neither the President nor his advisers nor the people in general were mentally prepared to exercise real power over industry. They handed the system back to the old rulers, with enough help so that they were able to carry on. . . Capitalism comes out of this crisis the victor, but in the long run weaker both physically and morally.

For this reason, the revival, if it comes, will come only to go again.

Some time in the future—perhaps not for another generation or two—there is likely to occur another equally serious breakdown of capitalism.

So we have not accomplished much. But meanwhile, the forces of revolutionary change are steadily at work. Every condition which has led to revolutions in the past is with us today. A second American revolution, soon or late, is coming.

Eventually the outcome will be the final disappearance of government by private profit-makers over the means of production, and a chance for social management to learn its task by experience.

Even this will not be Utopia! "The perfect society has never yet resulted from a revolution." We shall simply have a new and better adjustment, with the quest for the ideal commonwealth still before us.

It is rather a pity to speak of Walter Lippman's book** in the same review with Mr. Soule's, for the stern and enlightening realism of the latter throws into unfavorable contrast the empty imaginings, the unsubstantial theorizings of the former. Mr. Lippman writes as clearly and beautifully as ever—on every page we find evidence of the style which has made the author one of the few genuine literary figures of our time at work in the field of political and economic thought. But in this book, Mr. Lippman seems to be moving in a void. His ideas are impeccable, his doctrines the pure essence of the liberal spirit, but so divorced from the unpleasant actualities of our terribly disordered industrial society, as to take hold nowhere. Though we accept everything Mr. Lippman says, what shall we do with it all in this chaotic catastrophic world?

Mr. Lippman looks as definitely backward as Mr. Soule looks forward. He desires, or thinks it well, to preserve our capitalistic order. But it cannot be preserved on the old *laissez-faire* basis—"rugged individualism" is gone forever! On the other hand, the authoritarian systems into which the world is now being thrown are destructive of all we hold precious in civilized society. In this dilemma, Mr. Lippman argues for what he calls a "compensated economy," which means substantially a balancing of conflicting economic forces by the arbitral (not arbitrary!) intervention of government. By this is meant no such innocuous thing as arbitration in case of industrial disputes, but a definite action of government to compensate for and thus balance the ever-recurring dislocations of the capitalistic order. Mr. Lippman seems to have in mind the rigidities of capitalism, as Mr. Soule describes them, and the flexibility which must be secured to relieve the resulting tension. It is our democratic institutions of government which Mr. Lippman would employ to attain this end.

Mr. Lippman and Mr. Soule thus see the problem much alike, but there resemblance ends. Mr. Soule, as we have seen, proceeds to uncover the social realities of the time, and follow them rigorously through. Mr. Lippman avoids such realities, and flies away into the empty empyrean of idealistic speculation. What he gives us is a kind of metaphysics of politics—clean, pure, fine, but having little relation to our actual work-a-day world. He leaves so many questions unanswered—for example, how any government in a capitalistic society can be expected to act as the neutral compensating force in the conflicting complications of a situation which is in reality, as John Stratchey has reminded us, a struggle for power! No, our economic di-

**"The Method of Freedom," by Walter Lippman. Published by Macmillan. $1.50.

lemmas are not thus easily and airily solved. There can be no such happy preservation of the old order as Mr. Lippman seems to think possible. Granted the soundness of his plan, where are the motive forces to make it work?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

The Armament Investigation

Editor of UNITY:

I have received a letter from a gentleman in Washington who is intensely interested in the senatorial armament investigation. He thinks it possible that the pressure from foreign countries being brought in opposition to further investigation may be so great as to hinder or even stop this inquiry. So he has asked me to notify as many persons and organizations as I can and ask them to write letters to President Roosevelt and to Senator Gerald P. Nye, or to send resolutions, urging that the investigation be continued till the whole iniquitous matter is exposed. This is of such supreme importance that it is hoped that every person desiring peace for the United States will send letters to Washington.

I hope that every reader of UNITY will send letters to Washington and get as many others as possible to write also. A mighty volume of protest should arise.

LYDIA G. WENTWORTH.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

I Meet Him

That hungry vagrant haunts me,
Too forgiving, too mild,
With the face of a Christ
And the heart of a child.

I meet him on the East Side,
I meet him on the West,
Thinly clad and very weary
On his hopeless quest.

He was looking in a window
At the sweets, at the bread—
"At home it would be milking time,
Supper-time," he said.

"I can smell the cookies baking,
I can see the milk foam—
City streets are very long
That never lead home."

I saw him on the Avenue—
He has time to spare
Who has no place to go
And belongs nowhere.

All the Marys passed him by
And not one smiled.
"'Tis very long ago," he said,
"I was a cherished child."

I saw him last by Woolworth's—
Far away his brooding eyes
On One who bore a heavy cross
Under darkening skies.

The Field

(Continued from Page 62)

we have never known and never expected to see? Are they not our neighbors and our brothers also? Have we not been united by the ties of commerce and industry, and by the benignant influences of culture? Are we not fundamentally and creationally one race, one nation, one religion? Did we not have a community of interests and a oneness of purpose? Amongst us there are no differences. We are not seeking wars. We are at peace.

"'Therefore, if you, our emperors, kings and rulers, are at variance with one another, and cannot come to amicable understanding, it is not our affair. Why should we be used as pawns on the chessboard of your truculent ambitions? Why should we pay the piper with our blood? If you are unable to cool your tempers and act as gentlemen, well—there is the field! Pitch in! Taste yourselves of the dinner of bullets and the wine of blood—there in the open, and so free the world of your tyranny.

"'Were it not for your eternal dissensions, mankind would long since have been at peace; for we, the members of the human family, are in full accord—united, agreed. You have been, and are, the original instigators of these animosities, of these racial and national prejudices. It is you who have sown these weeds in the gardens of our hearts, and injected the poison of hatred into our veins; and you rest in your palaces or in your royal tents, far from the scene of horror and the pit of debacle, and send us to the front with imperious command: Kill, kill, kill!

"'If you are so absorbed, so relentless, why do you not lead us into the shower of lead? But no, cowards hiding in this or that corner, you suffer us to kill and to be killed in your names. Then, to crown your heartlessness and cruelty you sit and philosophize that the earth needed fertilizer, and what better fertilizer is there, what richer and cheaper fertilizer than human blood and human corpses—not a thousand, or a hundred thousand, but millions; that Europe was overpopulated, and a thorough weeding was necessary—was urgent; that the idea of peace and the principle of arbitration were gaining ground, and had to be checked by every illegitimate means; that the common people were in a ferment of social unrest, demanding radical economic reforms, which would have had to be granted had not something been devised to distract their minds, and direct their thoughts to other channels; and what more efficient method was there than the setting up of vast abattoirs, where the surplus population could be sacrified to the Moloch of Iniquity! By such means the basis of autocracy became firmer, the foundation of dynasties steadier, the prestige of thrones heightened and the inviolability of the sacred personages secured. Then would these be declared the protectors of empires, the guardians of nations, and the defenders of the Faith. Meanwhile the earth, moistened and enriched by mangled bodies, would cover its breast with luxuriant vegetation, so that the imperial children and grandchildren might disport themselves on its green pastures, trampling underfoot the inviolable rights of humanity, until such time as, dissatisfaction again becoming manifest, their "brave sons" would be called to rush to arms once more.

"'Vain are you and vainer your thoughts! Let it be known that we no longer agree to shed our blood so copiously for the upholding of your fantastic reasons for war. Rather, we are determined to break your combinations of powers, to hurl down your despotic thrones,

and to regain the authority that you have usurped and assumed. We are fighting to uproot the tree of your coarse influence; to cleanse our bodies of its tenacious burrs; to destroy their thousand nettled thistles of evil, and to promote the ideal of Democracy upon the expanse of the earth. We are fighting to establish the principles of Divine Civilization in the hearts of men and to hold aloft forever the banner of a Universal Commonwealth.

"'Lo and behold! We are not asleep. The eastern horizon is emblazoned with the advancing heralds of a New Day. We have seen, we have witnessed, and we are not mistaken. Oh joy! Oh joy of joys! We have arisen at the hour of dawn and offered up our morning prayer at the very Footstool of our Maker.'"

Our Heritage as to Rights of Conscience

The instinct to contend for rights of conscience is, at the present day, particularly discovered among English-speaking peoples. The difficulties of conscientious objectors to military training in some of our educational institutions is a cause of great concern to those who desire to maintain the ideals of the republic.

Pronouncements of leading church groups in the United States have of recent date indicated an aroused Christian opinion as to this vital question. Not simply pacifist groups, Quakers and others, are stirred by the situation. Our most eminent ministers and laity, and annual conferences and assemblies, are asking "What about religious liberty in the event of another war? Will the upbuilding of centuries of effort on behalf of rights of conscience be destroyed?"

Even England is also considering this serious question. The Friend (London) states that Lord Hailsham, Minister of War for England, has scoffed at "the silly chattering of some of our boys at the universities." The development of modern thought among many of the undergraduates of English universities has been remarkable. Lord Baden-Powell, leader of the Scout Movement, revered by millions of boys throughout the world, tells them to "be prepared." On the other hand the National Sunday School Movement of England asks "all whom we may influence in our Sunday Schools and churches, as well as outside these organizations, from taking any part in war." There are many other groups standing for the traditional rights of their fathers. Sir George Newman, Health Officer of England, has declared, "The sovereignty of conscience in man is a root principle."

The contests between the forces —so largely discovered in church life—who adhere to their interpretation of the teachings and spirit of our Lord regarding the gospel of love, and those who would wish to punish men and women therefor, is now on. The answer largely rests with Christian leaders and pastors within the Protestant denominations. They increasingly feel that they cannot afford to permit the establishment of precedents that at some future period may—not only on account of war, but possibly for other reasons—be adversely applied to themselves. Who knows?

During the World War unbelievable cruelties were practiced upon some conscientious objectors to military service in England and the United States. The cause of liberty receded. For a time during and subsequent to the World War the protests of ecclesiastical bodies were often like the flow and ebb of the sea—subject to the propaganda and emotions of the hour. It is very different now. Can we permit the lowering of the fundamental traditions of our race?

In the midst of much economic anxiety and discussion do not let us forget the spiritual calls of our faith. Do not let us fear opposition. All advances toward the light have met with opposition. Let us continue to stand by the conscientious convictions of our young people, wherever they are manifested, as so many of our forward-looking denominations and church leaders have nobly done within the past few years.

New racial groups have recently entered into the moral and political life of America. They naturally do not accept all the thought and ways they find in the United States. They came here for liberty; they have acquired it to an extent they had never before experienced in the lands from whence they came. Liberty rooted and grounded in our Christian thought they are not always prepared to understand. This change in our citizenship may, unless we continually stand for the freedom our fathers contended for, level down our moral convictions as a people. Governmental authority, influenced by a new type of citizenship may, before we are aware, press down on our expression as to rights of conscience in connection with military training and war. Otherwise the testimony of our finest youth may be swept away as cobwebs in some future demoniac conflict. It is imperative that we be solicitous to steer public opinion in the direction so many thoughtful church members desire. It is no time to be idle at a moment when the senseless drum beat is reverberating, as it now does, throughout the world. Shall we be indifferent? Shall we wait until another war may be thrust upon us? Is it not extremely desirable that we at every possible opportunity present our desires to the President and our representatives at Washington

WILLIAM C. ALLEN.

Notice

Dr. Julius Hecker, professor at the University of Moscow, author of "Moscow Dialogues," "Religion and Communism," and other important books, a resident in Soviet Russia during the last thirteen years, is now in this country on an important lecture tour. He is planning to come to Chicago and the Middle West on his way to the Pacific Coast, returning to the U.S.S.R. in January. He will welcome lecture opportunities. His speaking engagements are arranged through Miss Winifred Chapel, Room 804, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mr. Hecker's writings have appeared on occasion in "UNITY."

La Follette Party To Be National

With Wall street and entrenched wealth dictating the affairs of the two old parties, a political realignment in the U. S. is inevitable. Wisconsin Progressives have formed such a new party which is more than likely to take a place in the national political scene.

Read all about this new party in The Progressive, a national weekly newspaper and successor to La Follette's Magazine. Sen. Robt. M. La Follette Jr. and former Gov. Philip F. La Follette are president and secretary, respectively, of The Progressive.

SEND 20 CENTS FOR 3 MONTHS TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THIS GREAT NATIONAL WEEKLY!

Address Progressive Publishing Co., Box Q, Madison, Wis.